

Deterioration of the Mastiff.

Some breeds there are that have been driven into obscurity by the unbridled craving of breeders for particular properties. Most lamentable of these is the case of the mastiff who, 15 or 20 years ago, was the king of the heavy brigade. Size and massive heads became the alpha and omega of the breeders. Increase in size resulted in lumbering, overfed apathetics, that could not get out of their own way, and only by an effort could support their callous carcasses on sprawling legs and splay feet, says R. F. Mayhew, in *Everybody's Magazine*. And in the intensity of desire to produce massive heads, the hither end of the wretched animal was forgotten, and paralyzed or semiparalyzed hind-quarters were the result. Hence, the downfall of the mastiff and, in a measure, of the St. Bernard. Their former position in the dog world is now occupied by the Great Dane, the deerhound and the Russian wolfhound.

The Homemaker.

It must be taken into consideration that every successful homemaker is necessarily a housekeeper—one who keeps the house in the hollow of her hand, so to speak. One whose eye guards every detail of expenditure; one whose heart and mind are centered in the beautifying, guidance and maintenance of her stronghold. It would be foolish to insist that every housekeeper possess the rare and beautiful gift of creating and evolving a home, says Margaret Anglin in *Pictorial Review*. The housekeeper works for her wages, oftentimes grudgingly; the homemaker takes up her daily tasks with inspiration. Her labor is performed with love; and as I believe some poet has remarked, even the sweeping of a room may become a beautiful action.

Indoor life, with the numerous artificial and unwholesome conditions which it imposes, is a powerful factor in lowering the vitality, diminishing the power to resist disease and in maintaining a continual contact with conditions productive of disease. Monkeys and most other wild animals deteriorate rapidly in captivity because of the deprivation of the fresh air and sunshine to which they are naturally adapted. Civilized women are almost compelled to live sedentary lives. This fact, declares a writer in *Good Health*, accounts in large degree for the almost universal invalidism among women.

Mexico is prosperous under the gold standard. The republic's fiscal receipts (\$50,298,000 United States currency) for the year ended June 30, 1906, were far in excess of other years and much beyond what was expected even by the most optimistic economists. *El Imparcial*, a local newspaper, says the income 11 years ago was only \$25,140,000 United States currency, and concludes that the decided advance to \$50,000,000 is due to careful financing. The gradual growth in the fiscal receipts during the last 11 years is the outcome of increased business prosperity and not of increased taxation.

Prince Henry of the Netherlands, husband of the queen, proved his humanity and his courage when the steamer *Berlin* was wrecked off the Hook of Holland last month. He learned that some passengers were left on the vessel, and took command of the rescue party which finally brought them off. When he came ashore with them he was cheered to the echo by the enthusiastic Dutchmen gathered on the beach. King Edward has bestowed on him the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath in recognition of his bravery.

The men and women who perish miserably in train wrecks have the consolation of knowing that they do not die in vain. They suggest safe modes of construction and running methods. They may not, it is true, appreciate the fact that they are public benefactors and may be selfish enough to prefer their lives to the glory of martyrdom, but still, human progress must have martyrs, and if there are not sufficient volunteers there must be conscripts to the cause.

There is a report that a serious revolt has broken out in the state of Tachira, in the western part of Venezuela. And somehow nobody who has kept track of Castro's doings is very much surprised at the news.

The Marshal of Paradise

By George Edwin Hunt

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This is the story of Runty Smithers, as told to me by various and sundry citizens of Paradise, Ariz.:

Archibald Anstruther Smithers was born of rich and respectable parents, in the city of Richmond, Ind. His education was that of the young men of the middle states. He was taught to have faith, respect his conscience and be honest. He knew there were people in the world with but little regard for law and order, for he had read books and newspapers, but they figured as things remote, like Pompeii and the fixed stars. His upbringing was on strictly conventional lines; his scheme of existence was bounded by the limited experience obtained among a refined and intellectual acquaintanceship. A well-marked idiosyncrasy in his character was his fear of bodily injury. It was more than timidity; it was abject physical cowardice. As moral courage and sense of duty were among his most prominent traits, his utter lack of physical courage was accentuated.

Developing tubercular tendencies during his last year in college, this studious, quiet, timid young man was given a letter of credit and much advice by his busy father, a chamolais skin undervest and a cloud-burst of tears by his loving mother, and departed for Arizona to seek the robust health his physician predicted an outdoor life in that latitude would confer.

When Archibald Anstruther reached Paradise his general appearance must have failed, in many respects, to coincide with the atmosphere of that hustling community. Archibald Anstruther was short and slight, thin and pale of face, hollow-chested, and with a scholarly stoop to his shoulders. The spectacles he wore were rendered necessary by extreme near-sightedness. Following a custom of the free and unfettered west, Lonesome Linthicum dubbed him "Runty" at their first interview, and Runty he remained to the end of the story.

Mr. Smithers neither drank, smoked nor gambled. He did not know how to load or fire a gun and used a knife only for the subdivision of his food. On the few occasions he was present at altercations between two or more gentlemen, he had, I was informed, "went white and hot-footed for cover." It was perhaps but natural that the rough and ready residents of Paradise should hold him at first in light esteem. He was incongruous—a tenderfoot. He did not fit. Physically, and in many ways mentally and morally, he was everything that they were not.

But when Billy Earle's broncho stepped into a hole and broke Billy's leg instead of the broncho's, Runty Smithers spent days and nights caring for Billy and loaned him money for his doctor's bill. And when Pat Johnson's ten-year-old boy was stricken with diphtheria, Runty brought a bag of clothes to the house, drove Pap off to his work, and saved the child's life by careful nursing.

One night Jake Sweeney partook of the cup that cheers and also inebriates, and did what Big Bill Jernigan described to me as "some promiscuous shootin' with various deleterious results," and Paradise decided in solemn conclave a marshal was needed. Lonesome Linthicum, straight, lithe, supple, gray-eyed and fearless, would have been unanimously selected at the time, but that an election was deemed the straight and regular method to pursue.

On the day of the voting some joker conceived it would be great fun to cast a ballot for Runty Smithers. Being unselfish, he shared his jest with a few friends, who followed his example and explained the humor of the occasion to a few of their friends. And when the votes were counted, it was found the humorists were in the majority. Runty Smithers was elected marshal of Paradise by a vote of 86 to 78. Paradise sat up and began to take notice.

A meeting was hastily called in Three-Fingered Pete's saloon and a resolution was offered providing for a committee of three, which committee should call on Mr. Smithers, inform him that the whole matter was a mistake, direct his attention to his manifest unfitness for the position, and request his withdrawal. As the question of the adoption of the resolution was about to be put, Lonesome Linthicum, the defeated candidate, stepped into the room.

Glancing over his audience, he said: "Boys, I have just come from Runty Smithers. He has heard the result of the election and has taken the matter seriously. He has expressed his deep regret that I should have been defeated, but is firm in

the belief that our republican institutions are based on the theory that the will of the majority must prevail. He is anxious to justify your judgment in his choice by doing his duty honorably and well. You elected Runty marshal of Paradise. The election was fair and square. You cannot—you shall not—humiliate him by asking him to withdraw. Boys, Runty Smithers is going to be marshal of Paradise! I say it! And, by God, the first man that bats an eyelid in contradiction of his authority will kill me or I will kill him!"

Paradise was used to following Lonesome's leads. The humor of the situation also appealed to many. So, instead of appointing a committee of three, the assemblage went into a committee of the whole for the purpose of congratulating the newly elected marshal.

One Monday morning Lonesome Linthicum received a message calling him to a ranch 200 miles up the valley on a mission that would require his attention three or four days. With a word of warning to a few of the boys, he rode out of town. The following day announcement was made of a dance to be given at Bloom-



No Quarter Was Given or Received.

er's Gulch on Saturday night. All Paradise was invited, and most of it accepted. Jernigan, Windy, Billy Earle, Pap Johnson and others tried to prevail on Runty to join them, but the marshal's conception of his duty would not permit him to leave his post.

As nearly everyone that had the evening free was expected to attend the dance, Runty's self-appointed guardians could see no risk in leaving him uncared for that one night, and it was so decided.

At ten o'clock that Saturday night, while all was peacefully quiet in Paradise, four men, masked and heavily armed, rode into town from the Tucson trail. In silence they passed through the deserted streets to where the lights from Three-Fingered Pete's saloon and gambling house shone across the darkened thoroughfare. Noiselessly dismounting, they hitched their ponies, readjusted their masks, and surveyed the room from their concealment in the outer shadow. Pete's bartender, Dutch Henry, the sole occupant, was dozing in a chair at the end of the bar. With one swift stride he who acted as leader of the outlaws was in the saloon, a 44 in each hand covering Dutch.

"Hands up!" short and sharp. A glance toward the door, an almost involuntary movement of the hand toward the gun under the bar, a sharp report, and Dutch Henry had paid the debt of indiscretion. The outlaws hastened to a small safe in the corner of the room where Pete kept his "bank roll." Finding it locked, the leader gave quick and decisive orders.

Asked About Sandy Hook.

Visiting Englishman Told It Was Iron and Towed in the Steamers.

Some of the kindred spirits who gathered daily in the smoking room of the steamship *Amerika* on her voyage which ended yesterday had fun with an English captain of infantry, who served with distinction in the war in South Africa, says the *New York Times*. The Briton had never before visited this country, but he had evidently heard much of the wonders to be found here, and if the stories told by the arriving passengers are true they found greater wonders for him than even the usual newcomer hears.

When the vessel was nearing Sandy Hook the Englishman was moved to inquire what sort of a place Sandy Hook was and who lived there.

"Why Sandy Hook isn't land," he was told. "It's merely the place where the big hook comes out to meet incoming steamers."

"Take, knock that knob off with the hammer. Squint, get out your brace and bit. Here's the dynamite. Jerry go outside and watch. There may be some one left in this cursed town after all."

There was. The words were scarcely spoken when Marshall Smithers stepped into the saloon. Even his defective vision could not mistake the visible evidences of crime. Halting inside the door, he said:

"Men, c-c-come with me."

At the sound of his voice the leader of the outlaws whirled on his heel—fired—and missed. Runty had never been shot at before. His sand-founded confidence fled in a flash. His face turned ashen gray as his soul was suddenly steeped in the agony of physical fear. His frame trembled with the wild desire to turn and flee. His lips went dry, a cold sweat bathed his body and the horror of cowardice cried aloud within him. But he walked steadily forward, pointing to the star on his coat lapel, and said:

"Men, c-c-come with me."

The amazement that an unarmed man, and one of such peaceful appearance, should venture to challenge them, held the outlaws spellbound for a moment, but now, with an oath, the leader fired again, the report of his revolver barely preceding a fusillade from those of his followers, and Marshal Runty Smithers sank to the floor, murdered in the attempted fulfillment of his duty.

The reverberation of the reports had not ceased when a madly galloping horse was curbed to his haunches in front of the door and Lonesome Linthicum strode into the room a revolver in each hand. The spasm of unutterable regret on his face as he glanced at Runty, prone upon the floor, changed to one of berserker rage as he faced the outlaws. No words were spoken, no quarter was given or received. When the smoke lifted there were three dead safe robbers and one with two bullet holes through his lungs at one end of the room and a gallant gray-eyed fellow at the other end with a broken arm, a bullet in his shoulder and a hole through his thigh. His sound arm lay over the body of the late marshal of Paradise. And so the boys found them when they returned from the dance.

STATION HAS THAW'S NAME.

Illinois Central Many Years Ago Honored Noted Defendant's Father.

Bloomington, Ill.—Just at this time, when the Thaw trial is attracting so much attention, it is interesting to recall that a town on the Springfield division of the Illinois Central south-east of here was named many years ago after Jacob Thaw, the millionaire father of the famous defendant. He was a heavy purchaser of the bonds of the road and was honored by the adoption of his name for one of the new towns.

Shortly after the road was built the Thaw family made an inspection tour. The tour took place in the winter and the train was stalled by snow. By a curious coincidence the Thaw coach stopped near the station, and when the name was described from the windows there was much wonderment. A path was shoveled from the train to the depot and the party took refuge there until relief came.

Rev. J. D. McCaughy, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Streator, was a schoolmate of Harry Thaw at Wooster, O., in 1887. He recalls that young Thaw was always regarded as something of a "freak" and as a boy who had been spoiled by indulgent parents and not possessing very strong character. He was bright, but not studious.

Thoughtless.

"His wife has been mad at him for over a week." "What about?" "He said that Helen of Troy was doubtless the most beautiful woman that ever lived."—Houston Post.

CHARACTER IN FACE

READING OF THE FEATURES NOW AN EXACT SCIENCE.

Temperament and Disposition of Individuals Plainly Shown, According to Woman Who Has Studied Subject.

The face as a map of character and disposition is the subject of an elaborate study, by an English woman. She holds that the reading of the features can be reduced to an exact science.

There is an elaborate classification of eyes. Among the broad deductions is the dictum that dark eyes invariably indicate a strong, passionate nature, while light blue ones show a calculating, cool and resolute character.

Light brown eyes are signs of intelligence, fancy, fickleness in love and a rapidly fluctuating temperament. A sure indication of oratorical gift is projecting eyes and they also betoken literary skill in the use of language.

A strongly developed nose is a mark of superior endowments. The owner of a big nose has more energy than the owner of a small one.

The nostrils also have their significance. Large nostrils indicate courage; little ones, cowardice. Long narrow ones show activity and bodily vigor. Broad nostrils opening toward the side show a predilection for horses.

Mouth and lips are full of suggestiveness. The man with a hanging underlip is apt to lack perseverance and concentration of purpose. The modest individual's lower lip is habitually pressed close against the upper lip at the center.

The chin and lower jawbone are important indices of character. True love is evident in a face in which the jawbone broadens clear back to the level of the wisdom teeth. This is true, both of men and women.

The youth who seeks an amiable spirit in his sweetheart must choose a girl with gently curving lower lips and full and well rounded chin; her eyes must be soft and brown. If he desires great constancy, he must look carefully to the spread of her lower jaw. Economy is promised by a jaw. Economy is promised by a widening of the nose just above the wings of the nostrils.

On the other hand, the young woman who desires an industrious husband should choose a man with long upper lip. If she desires even good temper in her spouse, she had best choose one with round face and curly hair.

Why Are They Called "Bulls"?

They had sprigs of green in their coats and the talk turned naturally to the old sod, drifting in the end to Irish bulls.

"It was a fine bull," said a lawyer, "that a speaker made in Dublin in an attack on the taxes. 'They'll kape cuttin' the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs,' he said 'till finally they pump it dry.'"

"Perhaps it was the same man," observed a contractor, "who declared that 'the landlords if they was landed on an uninhabited island in half an hour would have their hands in the pockets of the naked savages.'"

"Maybe it was he, too," said a grocer, "who made this bull, 'All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the hidden footprints of an unseen hand.'"

"Or this," said a musician, "We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts and leaves the ashes in our hands."

"But why are such blunders called bulls?" a barber asked.

No one could answer that question.

New York Has Shortest Street.

The shortest street in the United States is Hague street, in New York. It is long enough to accommodate only two houses.

New Name for Knuckles.

In carving a fowl at the dinner table I made the remark that I was not successful in striking the joints. Seven-year-old Frederick at once asked what were joints, and I explained to him, calling his attention to the knuckles of his hand. His remark was: "I thought they were hinges."

Idle Waiting.

This setting down and folding our arms and waiting for something to turn up is just about as rich a spekulashun as going out into a 400-acre lot, setting down on a sharp stone with a pall between our knees and waiting for a cow to walk back up and be milked.—Josh Billings.

Failures and Success.

A dozen failures are the price of every success, and even then the goods will most likely be delivered to somebody else.—Puck.

A "Stick" Man.

Gerald—Do you think there is anything in a name?

Geraldine—Certainly, isn't yours "Wood?"